

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Courper.*

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Our Dumb Animals.

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OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:

186 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Parrots Defended—How to treat them.

In the first number of the "Ark" there is a communication in relation to an "African parrot," in which is this observation, "He was a rascally bird, for he picked off all his feathers,—leaving only a gray crest and his red tail, which made him a most interesting object." Now I am not a believer in innate depravity, but if I were, I should be more likely to believe it existed in a greater degree in humans than in animals; for I maintain that all of the so-called dumb creation can be made affectionate, amiable and grateful by kind and gentle treatment, which result does not always happen with their so-called superiors, the humans.

In regard to the poor, "rascally parrot," who ever heard of one deliberately plucking off its feathers, when in a state of nature, especially parrots, who have much pride in their personal appearance? The "rascally bird" was no doubt in a state of nervous suffering, or he would not have so injured and disfigured himself.

It is a necessity for parrots to have something to bite for the health of their bills. When imprisoned they attempt to bite their cages, so they are generally put in tin cages, with tin perches. There might be no objection to the tin cages, although the tin perch is too cold and slippery for their feet. Parrots are climbing birds, and their cages should always be supplied with two perches, one above the other, to allow them their natural exercise. If these perches are of wood, they will not destroy them if abundantly provided with twigs from trees (of course they prefer those that have bark upon them), or if not easily obtained, small sticks to bite up in pieces; even an empty thread-spool is acceptable. If they are not allowed these things they will often in desperation bite at and pull out their own feathers. Nuts, too, should be given as part of their diet, and they will always take them with evident enjoyment, and bite away at the shell. Then, too, they should be allowed a bath. If their owners will not permit them the luxury of a plunge in a wash-bowl, they should give them occasionally a gentle showering from a fine watering-pot to freshen their skin and feathers. If not allowed this, insects may attack them and distress them so greatly that they will endeavor to relieve themselves by attacking their feathers. My heart ached for poor "Tom's" possible suffering, and then to be called "rascally" was adding "insult to injury."

I am tempted to add that there seems to be a prejudice that the parrot family are neither amiable or affectionate. This is a mistake. Laying aside my theory that all creatures can become so by kind and judicious treatment, parrots are eminently social and capable of strong attachment. I knew of one who pined, refused food and died of grief during the absence of its mistress, in less than a fortnight's time.

As to what some call my theory of the amiability of all creatures when they are properly managed, I have at the present moment a little parrot which, when first sent me, was apparently the very embodiment of ill-temper and spitefulness. I was told, "You will never tame that dreadful vicious little thing." In less than two months, by kindness, attending to its little wants, giving it twigs and sticks every day, etc., I so gained its confidence that as soon as the door of its cage is opened it flies to my shoulder, rubs its head against my cheek, and will retain its position for hours on my shoulder, allowing me to walk about the room. This performance is varied with

occasional trips to my wrist, of which she takes possession without ceremony. At this very moment she has placed herself there, much to my inconvenience, but I have not the heart to disturb her enjoyment, while she looks up at me and down at the paper, as if inquiring what I am writing about "this dreadful vicious little thing!"

I apologize for branching out in regard to one of my pets, but it is in corroboration of my theory. My object in writing is to ask you at some time to speak a word for the poor traduced birds, and mention their necessities.

We cannot better "speak a word" for parrots than by publishing the foregoing communication from a friend who evidently is an "expert" on the question. It is due to the writer in the "Ark" to say that, from what we know of her, the use of the word "rascally" was a playful one, rather as we speak of a boy as "roguish" when he is only full of fun. But the defence of parrots is a good one, and will be beneficial and instructive.—Ed.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was a great lover of dogs, and always had many fine ones around him. One day in conversing with a friend he said: "Those dogs," pointing to two fine hounds lying on the hearth, "understand every word that I say." The friend expressed his doubts of this statement. Sir Walter, to prove it, took up a book and began thus to read aloud: "I have two lazy good-for-nothing dogs, who lie by the fire and sleep, and let the cattle ruin my garden." Both dogs instantly sprang up, ran out of the room, and finding no cattle in the garden returned and lay down by the fire. The baronet again read from the book the same story. Again the dogs ran out and again returned disappointed, and lay down. The third time their master read the story, when, instead of going out, the dogs came up to him, looked in his face, whined and wagged their tails, as much as to say, "You have made game of us twice, you cannot do it the third time."

CAN we imagine a place so dreary, unhomelike and desolate as a land entirely bereft of animal life? Where no faithful dog will welcome his master's coming step; no song of bird ripple the waves of the upper air; no brave steed wait to bear his master over the rolling hills; no white flocks deck the hillside, and no lowing kine browse beneath the spreading trees?

Birds at Prayer.

BY REV. W. C. PRIME.

"A—'s birds yonder, have, beyond question, means of exchanging ideas." "You would think so if you saw them at prayers." "What at?" "Yes, at prayers. It isn't anything less. There are birds of every country under the whole heavens, and with voices as various as the languages of men, and you hear what a wild concert of delight they keep up all the day long. But every day this entire group of birds assembles in silence; and if it isn't a prayer-meeting I don't know what it is. There is no forewarning, that we can detect. While they are all chattering, and singing, playing here, there, and everywhere, suddenly one of them—sometimes one and sometimes another—utters a peculiar call, totally distinct from his ordinary note. Whatever bird it is, the call is much the same, and instantly every bird stops his play and his noise. They gather in rows on the perches, shorten their necks so as almost to sink their heads into their feathers, and make no motion of wing, head, or foot, for a space of thirty minutes, and often longer. It is almost a daily occurrence. Ordinarily you cannot approach the aviary without frightening some of the birds and producing a sharp commotion; but while this exercise is going on nothing disturbs them. They are birds of every land and climate, as you see; but this is their custom, and no one fails to attend or behaves ill in meeting. You may think it something like mesmerism, for the leader keeps up his curious call-note throughout the service. The instant that it is ended they break up with a shout of delight, and rush around singing and having a jolly time of it, as if thoroughly refreshed.

A Remarkable Dog Story.

The following is true, and is one of the most wonderful dog tales on record. In August, 1872, Mr. Grauel and Charles Anderson were on a prairie-chicken hunt in the neighborhood of Sheldon, Illinois. They had with them Mr. Grauel's favorite imported dog Maxy. During a hot, thirsty tramp one day, when the stock of water with the party had been exhausted, the dog was overcome with heat and fatigue. Poor Maxy was left for dead on the prairie, his body being covered with freshly plucked grass.

On the following day the hunters passed that way, and out of sympathy visited the spot. The body had disappeared. The suspicion was aroused that, mayhap, the burial was a premature one, and accordingly a search for Maxy was made, but without success. The hunters lingered in the vicinity for several days, and, under an offer of a liberal reward, village boys scoured the prairie in vain for the body of the missing animal.

On Wednesday last, who but Maxy himself should run into Mr. Grauel's house, in this city, and greet Mrs. Grauel in the same old friendly manner. But he was tottering on his feet, and seemed sorely battered and aged and thin in flesh. He gave no history of his travels, or how he had spent the three years away, or how he had traced his course for about three hundred miles to the old home of his master and mistress. Truly, the good old dog received a hearty welcome from the venerable man and wife, who have no children, and looked upon Maxy as a great pet. But, we are sorry to say, the dog seems to have come home to die, and probably, despite the best attention, will survive only a short time.—*Cincinnati paper.*

A correspondent of ours vouches for the truth of the above, and says the dog on his arrival ran joyfully to his old mistress and kissed her, then to his master, and then to his former house in the yard, where he lay down.—Ed.

LET us trust that in that better land these faithful friends (the animals) may be compensated for the wrongs they have suffered here.

The Nestling Swallows.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

The summer day was spoiled with fitful storm;
At night the wind died, and the soft rain dropped
With lulling murmur, and the air was warm,
And all the tumult and the trouble stopped.

We sat within the bright and quiet room,
Glowing with light and flowers and friendliness;
And faces in the radiance seemed to bloom,
Touched into beauty as by a caress.

And one struck music from the ivory keys—
Beethoven's music; and the awful chords
Uphore us like the waves of mighty seas
That sing aloud, "All glory is the Lord's!"

And the great sound awoke beneath the eaves
The nestling swallows; and their twittering cry,
With the light touch of raindrops on the leaves,
Broke into the grand, surging melody.

Across its deep, tremendous questioning,
Its solemn acquiescence, low and clear,
The rippling notes ran sweet, with airy ring,
Surprised, inquiring, but devoid of fear;

Lapsing to silence at the music's close,
A dreamy clamor, a contented stir.
"It made no discord," smiling as he rose,
Said the great master's great interpreter.

No discord, truly! Ever Nature weaves
Her sunshine with her shadow, joy with pain;
The asking thunder through high heaven that cleaves
Is lost in the low ripple of the rain.

About the edges of the dread abyss
The innocent blossoms laugh toward the sun;
Questions of life and death, of bale or bliss,
A thousand tender touches overrun.

Why should I chronicle so slight a thing?
But such things light up life like wayside flowers,
And memory, like a bird with folded wing,
Broods with still joy o'er such delicious hours.

Dear forgotten time! Fair summer night!
Thy nestling swallows and thy dropping rain,
The golden music and the faces bright,
Will steal with constant sweetness back again.

A joy to keep when winter darkness comes;
A living sense of beauty to recall;
A warm, bright thought, when bitter cold benumbs,
To make me glad and grateful. That is all.

Bird-nesting.

The Rev. Charles Turner—to use his adopted name—an elder brother of Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate, and so beautifully alluded to by him, in "In Memoriam," as a "noble heart" holding "the costliest love in fee," is one of the very sweetest and purest of living poets. About fifty of his sonnets, directly or indirectly, relate to the lower animals. His observation is keen, his descriptions are accurate; everywhere, he inculcates kindness, and even from flies, living or dead, he can and does quaintly evolve lessons which are helpful for humanity without being far-fetched.

One of his sonnets on bird-nesting, we copy:—

"Ah! that half-bashful and half-eager face!
Among the trees thy guardian angel stands,
With his heart beating, lest thy little hands
Should come among the shadows and efface
The stainless beauty of a life of love,
And childhood innocence—for hark, the boys
Are peering through the hedgerows and the grove,
And ply their cruel sport with mirth and noise;
But thou hast conquer'd! and dispell'd his fear;
Sweet is the hope thy youthful pity brings—
And oft, methinks, if thou shalt shelter here
When these blue eggs are linnet's throats and wings,
A secret spell shall bring about the tree
The little birds that owed their life to thee."

You have not fulfilled every duty, unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.—*Buzton.*

*[For Our Dumb Animals.]**"Fair" Thoughts.*

During the preparation for our Fair, I had occasion to call at the room where goods were received, and where some ladies were examining, assorting and appraising them.

As I sat there, I was surrounded with trunks, boxes, packages and parcels, as they came pouring in like a spring flood, till even the passage-way to the room was filled.

The appraisers were appalled at the work before them—there were so many and such various articles, from delicate pieces of needlework and beautiful water-colors, down to peanut owls and raisin turtles. After quietly observing all that was going on, I fell to thinking, and, from that, to having a private little confab with myself, thus:—

I.—"Just think what a multitude of busy fingers there have been, to accomplish all this."

Myself.—"Yes; the call must have reached every nook and corner of the dear old State."

I.—"What thousands of stitches, what thousands of side-aches, and what thousands of sacrifices are involved in this vast contribution!"

Myself.—"Speaking of stitches, think of the thought that has been woven into the seams of these garments. Every woman can tell you how she sews and thinks, sews and thinks, till sometimes the work is so associated with the thought, that they can never after be separated."

I.—"That is very true. And I should naturally suppose that those who made these caps and aprons and sacks and holders, thought of the object for which they were working, as they never thought of it before. New convictions must have been awakened in their minds, of their relations to the inferior animals and their obligations to them."

Myself.—"Yes; and then the children; these folks were right in getting them interested. That is what I call striking at the root of the matter. Educate the children in thoughts and acts of mercy. I think any child who receives a diploma for its contribution to this Fair would be ashamed to rob a bird's nest or abuse a poor kitten."

I.—"Whatever may be the result of this undertaking, financially, it cannot be a failure. The seed has been scattered broadcast throughout the State. Everybody knows the existence of the Society; everybody knows, or ought to know, the object of it; and everybody will be willing, or ought to be willing, to help sustain it. The spirit of kindness, if nurtured in the human breast, will confine itself to no special object. The animal, the playmate, the neighbor, the friend, all will jog on to the end of their journey more happily, because of it."

The Shooting Nuisance.

With the return of summer days and singing birds comes that chronic nuisance, the callow sportsman, with dog and gun, to hunt birds and astonish the natives with his prowess and the smell of gunpowder. He has none of the instincts of sportsmen, to whom we are indebted mainly for our game laws, and for the fines and penalties that are laid upon their wilful violators. He can hardly tell one bird from another. He shoots birds on the nests, birds feeding their young, and all birds alike, whether they are the farmer's friends or not. Every depot far inland is haunted with these verdant youth, who come to kill and to destroy. They greatly reduce the number of birds, and so multiply insects that prey upon our crops and reduce the profit of our gardens and fields. It is settled, so far as anything can be, by the studies of men best acquainted with the habits of these birds, that almost all of them at some season of the year live largely upon insects. They are the conservative force in nature, designed to keep insect-life in check. If the birds eat some fruit, they save a great deal more by devouring the various caterpillars and "worms" that prey upon the bark and leaves of fruit trees and upon the fruits themselves.—*Agriculturist.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
The Pointer's Warning.

Some years ago I lived in the West. I was in the habit of going quite frequently to a town some miles away from my home. The way was across a tract of woods, a bit of prairie, and a part of the journey on a well-travelled highway. About midway between the two points was a large stock-farm, presided over in the master's absence by an enormous dog of the pointer species. This dog never made the acquaintance of strangers. When any passed the greeting of a low growl awaited them, and the growl was not changed even toward the neighboring farmers. My passages to and fro had frequently been in the night, and to miss the growl would have surprised me. Master Bruno was always at his post on that portion of the farm-house whose outlook was toward the stables. One night, in June, returning from my distant journey, instead of a growl, I was surprised to find the great brute coming towards me. He was regarded as a ferocious dog, and I confess to a feeling of nervousness when I heard him leap the fence and saw his huge form approaching in the darkness. He came up quietly and followed. I thought it a good plan to make friends. I put my hand out and patted him. He accepted the courtesy and we jogged along. A few minutes later and we had come to that portion of my journey where I was in the habit of leaving the high-road and striking across the prairie until I should come to the woods and hills, thence to the head of the lake, where I would again come upon a path. Just before entering the woods I stopped to get my direction by the stars, and almost unconsciously sat down on a little knoll, then lay down and fell asleep. To a man born and brought up in the West this is not in the least unusual; I have slept many and many a night with only the beautiful sky above and my dog and gun beside me. On the night in question I had no gun and my dog was an uninvited stranger. But I fell asleep, and the last feeling of consciousness I had was that the great pointer had settled down beside me with his nose resting on my arm. My next consciousness was, after some unknown interval, a decided tug at my ear. I sprang to my feet, and the great brute bounded away with an excited bark. He had bitten me. He dashed off in the darkness, then back, with low, quick barks. He came close to me, and, striking an attitude in true pointer style, gave a long, deep bay at the sky. It was all explained. A black cloud was rapidly rising from the West and covering its whole horizon; the mutterings of thunder were growing in volume, and to tarry where I was would be to be whelmed by the tempest. I ran for the woods; the dog was before me, leading me with certain instinct directly to the head of the lake. He leaped upon the little bridge of poles that spanned the inlet, all the while barking in the most excited manner. He ran in front, then came behind, then on in front again, until I reached my own door. The great drops had already begun to fall, and a huge pine near the lake was shivered with the lightning, blinding me as I crossed my threshold. I spoke to the dog to come in with me, but he declined. One paw rested on the door-step, the other was raised as I stooped down and patted his head. "Good fellow, come in." He barked a quick "No," turned, and disappeared in the storm. I was safe, for not a dozen drops had touched me. A tiny trickle of blood was on my neck-tie, but I liked that for it told of my strange adventure. The dog was shot, not long after, by burglars.

CHAS ROLLIN BRAINARD.

"O BARBAROUS MEN! YOUR CRUEL BREASTS ASSANGE
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage.
Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children by his labors fed?
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revive,
And shifting seats in other bodies live;
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doomed in a hackney horse the town to range;
Car-men transformed, the groaning load shall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
The Hidden Thorn.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Non eorum sed eorum.

[It is the common belief that the Nightingale enhances the tenderness of her song by leaning her breast upon a thorn.]

Sing, sing, Poet sing,
With the thorn beneath thy breast;
Robbing thee of all thy rest—
Hidden thorn forever thine,
Therefore do thy notes combine
Tones of sorrowing—
Tones that wake a mighty gladness,
Spite of all their mournful sadness.

Sing, sing, Poet sing—
It doth ease thee of thy sorrow,
Onward singing till the morrow;
Never weary of thy trust,
Hoping, loving as thou must,
Let thy music ring—
Noble cheer it doth impart
Strength of will and strength of heart.

Sing, sing, Poet sing—
Pining heart, and lonely heart—
Solitary as thou art,
Leaning on thy secret thorn,
Sing at midnight, sing at morn;
Lo! upon thy string,
Hang the weak and sore perplexed,
Hang the sorrowing and distressed.

Sing, sing, Poet sing—
Thou art made a Prophet's voice,
Wherefore should'st thou not rejoice,
That the tears of thy mute brother,
Bearing pangs he may not smother,
Through thee are flowing?
For his dim, unuttered grief,
Through thy voice hath found relief.

Sing, sing, Poet sing—
Join the music of the stars
Wheeling on their midnight cars,
Each responsive in its place
To the choral hymn of space:
Lift, oh! lift thy wing,
And the thorn beneath thy breast,
Though its wound shall give thee rest.

WASHINGTON'S HORSES.—According to G. W. P. Custis's recollections, the grooming of Washington's white horses was something surprising. The night before the horses were expected to be ridden they were covered entirely over with a paste, of which whiting was the principal component part; then the animals were swathed in body clothes, and left to sleep upon clean straw. In the morning the composition had become hard, was well rubbed in, and curried and brushed, which process gave to the coats a beautiful, glossy, and satin-like appearance. The hoofs were then blackened and polished, the mouth washed, teeth picked and cleaned, and the leopard-skin housings being properly adjusted, the white chargers were led out for service.

"BOBOLINK! Still may thy gladness
Take from me all taints of sadness;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In summer, winter, fall and spring."

THOMAS HILL.

WHEN animals have sensitive moral affections or an intelligent sense of danger, shall our philosophy justify wounding the heart of a mother by the slaughter of her offspring, in order merely to gratify our palate, when we have other food in plenty?

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
Mother Cat Adopting Chickens.

The cat of one of our neighbors was nursing a promising young family of kittens, when an unfortunate hen, having hatched two chickens, died, leaving her little ones quite alone in the world. Their mistress was quite at a loss how to provide for them, when, bringing the basket in which she had placed them to the house, that she might the more conveniently warm and feed them, the idea occurred to her to try what reception the cat, who was never known to meddle either with young chickens or birds, would give them. So, taking the fluffy little things from their basket, she put them down by the cat's side, among the warm, sprawling, blind little kittens.

Puss received them very kindly, purring and seeming to express sympathy and affection for the little orphans. The warmth of their furry, soft little companions was grateful to the chicks, and they nestled down at once and went to sleep. So they were suffered to remain, and it came about that the cat regularly adopted them, their mistress keeping a supply of the food suitable for them always ready, to which they soon learned to help themselves. There were three kittens, and the two chickens usually placed themselves at either side of the one in the middle, and it was very amusing to their many visitors to come quietly upon them, sleeping, and see the yellow round heads and black, beady eyes of the chickens pop up at a sound from between their furry foster sisters.

The cat seemed to regard her step-children with much affection and cared for them as tenderly as she was able, sensibly indulgent to their individualities and tolerant to their idiosyncrasies, when, basking on the sunny doorstep, she watched them amusing themselves on the path before her.

One day when they were a few weeks old, the garden gate being open into the field beyond, she strolled through it, accompanied by the five little ones. They had been out some time—perhaps she was giving them a lesson in mouse-catching—and a heavy cloud betokened a shower to be at hand, when puss was seen approaching the house with great haste bringing a kitten in her mouth. One by one the faithful creature deposited her charges in their bed, the kittens being first brought. When she laid the chickens down they were dead; her method of transportation not being as well suited to chickens as to cats. Besides, she had been obliged to make her journeys with speed, and a chicken's neck does not give a very good hold for a careful cat's teeth.

It was curious to see her efforts to arouse them. But she soon gave up the attempt and allowed them to be removed, seeming to console herself for their loss by her increasing care of the little ones left to her charge.

H. P. S.

OAKLAND, CAL.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
The Canine Fire-Alarm.

A lady in Covington, Ky., has a fine Newfoundland dog. One unusually cold night she permitted him to remain in the dining-room near the fire. After she had been asleep some time the dog came to her door and showed signs of great uneasiness, but she sent him away. He came the second and third time. Then she supposed that something must be the matter and followed him to the dining-room, where she found that a large piece of coal had fallen and burned through the floor, leaving a large cavity through which could still be seen the red-hot coal in the cellar. The poor fellow had fought the flame, thereby arresting its progress until he could get his mistress to come to his assistance. His fore feet were sadly burned; but his wonderful sagacity was highly appreciated, and he received from his mistress the utmost care and attention.

D.

WITHOUT content we shall find it almost as difficult to please others as ourselves.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, July, 1875.

What has the Society Done?

It is very apparent to us that many of the people of this State, many of our members even, have little idea what our work is, or what has been accomplished. In justice to those who contribute money for our support, and in justice to ourselves, we have reexamined our records since January 1, 1874, and give below some statistics of the criminal department of our work, and a slight description of some of the other purposes we have sought to accomplish. Besides this there has been a healthful influence exerted, which can be felt, but which cannot be recorded.

COMPLAINTS INVESTIGATED.

Whole number of complaints investigated, of which we have a record, since January 1, 1874, viz.:-

For Overloading,	396
Overworking,	54
Overdriving,	428
Beating,	471
Abandoning,	143
Driving lame or galled animals,	990
" diseased animals,	296
Torturing animals,	284
Cruelty in transportation,	59
Defective streets,	14
General cruelty,	1,032
Improper food or shelter,	695
Total,	4,862

Hundreds of complaints are investigated by our country agents of which we have no record, as, with all our efforts, we cannot get all of them to make full reports.

PROSECUTIONS AND CONVICTIONS.

In the above cases there were—

Prosecutions,	396
Convictions,	334

Showing that a very large proportion of the defendants were found guilty.

PENALTIES.

Fines.—There were fines imposed upon these defendants from \$200 and costs down to \$5 and costs, varying according to the nature of the offence.

It is fair to say that the fines increase from year to year, as our courts more and more appreciate the nature of the offences, and come to feel that fewer of them arise from ignorance than when the law was first enacted, and hence the penalty should be greater.

Imprisonment.—Besides the cases where the defendants were fined there have been the following cases of imprisonment:—

One, 30 days; 1, 40 days; 2, 2 months; 1, 3 months; 3, 4 months; 1, 6 months; 2, 1 year. Twelve others were sentenced to pay a fine of \$5 to \$75 each, were sent to jail for non-payment, and served out their time, varying from one to nine months. Ten others fled to avoid arrest, and there are now thirty-one cases pending, or in which the fines are uncollected.

The above figures will show that some work has been done in the criminal department, and that it is becoming expensive to be cruel to animals.

ANIMALS KILLED.

During the same period our agents have killed 866 suffering animals, and 1,033 have been taken from work by our direction, till restored to health.

Beside these, hundreds of other animals are killed to avoid a complaint, and hundreds of others relieved from work lest they come under the eye of some of our agents.

The *prevention* of cruelty is not limited to cases where we take action, but covers a very large number of cases where the cruelty is checked from a knowledge that there are officers ready to enforce the law. So we feel that the influence that the society exerts cannot be fairly estimated by the cases actually reported and investigated.

To give an idea of the variety of work performed by our employés in the Boston office, we give a slight sketch for the months of *May* and *June*:

During that time, in investigating cases, they have made visits to the following towns, viz.:-

Brighton, 17; Charlestown and Boston Highlands, 12 each; South Boston, 11; East Boston, 8; Cambridge, East Cambridge and Malden, 6 each; Revere, Dorchester and Chelsea, 5 each; Salem, 4; Lynn, Peabody, Somerville and Watertown, 3 each; Lowell, Lawrence, Hudson and Wilmington, 2 each; and once each to Brookline, Dedham, Reading, Natick, Worcester, Woburn, Hyde Park, Bridgewater, Ballardvale, Quincy, Concord, Hingham, Milton, Long Island, Andover, Methuen, Newburyport, Rowley, East Bridgewater, Medford, Bradford, Beverly, Fitchburg and Haverhill.

Add to this seventy visits to various courts to make complaints, get warrants and give testimony,—with visits to health office and superintendent of teams, inspection of houses of fish, rag and vegetable peddlers; of horse-car and coach stables and private stables; visits to steamboats, cattle-yards, horse-auctions, slaughter-houses and markets; conferences with superintendents of horse railroads and veterinaries; arresting defendants and summoning witnesses; repeated interviews with both; instruction to parties in humane killing; answering calls to various parts of the city and suburbs to kill horses, pet dogs and cats; preventing overcrowding of poultry and tying of calves' and sheep's legs in transportation; bagging of cows; bleeding of calves; conferences with butchers and poultry dealers; efforts to prevent dog-fights, cock-fights and pigeon-shooting matches; advising with our five hundred country agents personally and by correspondence; efforts to protect insect-eating birds; conferences with clergymen, teachers and superintendents of Sunday-schools; investigation of the vivisection question; conferences with inventors with a view to the relief of animals; explanations of our work to drovers, members and parties in other States; efforts to aid in the enactment of humane laws and the formation of kindred societies in other States; the location of watering-troughs by conferences with donors and getting consent of superintendent of streets and the Water Board; the preparation and distribution of our paper; the circulation of other documents; an extensive correspondence and a careful record at the office of all cases investigated.

This is an imperfect record of a portion of the work done by the employés in the office. In ad-

dition to this are Mr. Angell's lectures and addresses in this and other States, and his preparation of essays for circulation.

If our friends have had the patience to read this article, we think they will see that the work embraces a wider field, and has a deeper significance, than many have supposed.

Kindred Papers.

When "Our Dumb Animals" was first issued, in 1868, it was the only paper in the world of its kind. But we are glad to say that similar papers are now issued in different States and countries. France, Italy and Germany have magazines or papers devoted to the same object. Of those published in our own language, the following is a list in the order of their establishment:—

"Our Dumb Animals,"	Boston.
"Humane Journal,"	Chicago.
"Animals' Friend,"	San Francisco.
"Animal World,"	London.
"Animal Kingdom,"	New York.
"Our Animal Friends,"	" "

The last-named has just issued its first number, the publisher being the same as that of the "Animal Kingdom," but it is designed especially as a child's paper. We wish this, and all papers of its kind, great success. It is evident that the best way to make the next generation humane is to cultivate kindly feelings in children, and this humane education not only relieves animals from suffering, but makes people better in every way.

Cruelty in Massachusetts.

To show that there is still need of work in this State, we copy from a recent letter the report of a case of cruelty which occurred lately in Middlesex County:—"A beautiful horse was tied to a tree, by a rope around his neck. Two stout men beat him till he went down on his knees, seeming to implore for mercy. The perspiration was running from him as if he had been in the river. The wales on his body were as big as a man's thumb, while blood was oozing from different parts of his body, and his tongue ran out of his mouth eight or ten inches. So great had been his agony, that in his efforts to get away the bark had been torn from the tree for a space two feet in length. The reason given for this treatment, by the brutal men, was that the horse was 'ugly, and would bite and kick, and they were going to beat it out of him.'" The parties were strangers to our informant; but if they can be found, it may prove an expensive experiment for them.

Mr. Angell's Addresses.

Mr. Angell lectured in Portland, Me., June 3; in Northfield, Mass., June 15; in Cavendish, Vt., June 20; in Brattleboro', Vt., June 23; and in Winchester, N. H., June 27.

In the last-named places efforts are making to form a society. We hope they will be successful, for it is quite time that Vermont, especially, took some action.

Stop Horse-Cars at Street Corners.

Horse-car companies would do a good thing if they would *stop their cars only at street corners*. It would be but little sacrifice for any lady or gentleman to walk the length of half a block, and the practice suggested would lessen the labor of the horses very much.

Horse Car Starter.

Much of the suffering of horses on street cars is occasioned by the strain upon them when starting the car on slippery pavements. To obviate this difficulty, Col. A. S. Gear of Boston, a well-known inventor of labor-saving machinery, has patented a device which has now been in use on one of the South Boston Railroad Company's cars for several weeks, and seems to accomplish the desired object. If it prove to be what it now seems, we trust all horse railroads will adopt it, for, at the best, the life of a street-car horse is bad enough, and we are gratified at any invention which alleviates his sufferings. On its "trial trip," last month, several railroad men, newspaper men, and representatives of our society were present, and it may now be seen daily, except Sundays, on car No. 46, South Boston Railroad, between West and Park streets, going north, at 7, 8.26, 10.16, 11.49, A. M., 1.25, 3.02, 4.38, 6.10, 7.40, P. M., and at the Old South Church, on Washington Street, going south, at 7.15, 8.41, 10.31, A. M.; 12.04, 1.40, 3.17, 4.53, 6.25, 7.55, P. M.

We copy from the "Globe" the following description:—

It is a well-known fact that the easiest way to start a heavy body is upon the peripheries of rollers. It is said that the difference between moving upon rollers and journal-bearings is as three to one.

In this device the inventor makes a truck-frame similar to those in use on steam cars, except that he makes it of a material more elastic, for the express purpose of being able to move the wheels around curves with greater ease. On top of this truck-frame are boxes, and in these boxes are placed rolls, on which projections from the body of the car rest in such a manner that, the power being attached to the end of the car, it is drawn forward upon the peripheries of the rolls, the wheels remaining stationary. The inertia of the load being thus easily overcome, the car body moves forward until the projections of the underside strike the ends of the boxes on the truck-frame, when the friction on the axles is readily overcome, the wheels revolve, and the whole is in motion. In starting on a down grade, no power is required, while on an up grade the body of the car, by its own weight, will settle back on the rolls to the rear end of the boxes on the truck-frames, from which position it is drawn forward again, as before described. On a level road-bed, it becomes necessary to bring the body of the car into position to be started with the least amount of power. This is accomplished by attaching to the truck-frame the common lever-brakes, and to the body of the car the common hand wheel or lever, and they operate in such a manner that, as the car is on a down grade and the brakes set, the turning of the hand-lever winds up the chain and draws back the load on the rolls. The independent movement of the body of the car is about three inches.

The lateral motion given to the body of the car upon the truck-frame, together with the elasticity of the truck-frame itself, make it as easy to ride in as a steam car. It is estimated that one-half of the power usually required to start a car is no longer needed, and consequently the horses are relieved of the strain which has heretofore been put upon them.

HENS need cool, fresh water as well as other animals. Don't forget this, as many do, and think that anything will do for poultry. Wash out the dishes in which their water is kept, and see that they are sweet and clean.

BELIEVE nothing against another but on good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal. Be gentle, be genuine, be generous.

Vivisection.

The English Parliament have decided that a Royal Commission shall be appointed, to make a full and searching inquiry into the practice of physicians and vivisectionists, and as to the desirability of legislative interference.

This will give an opportunity for both sides to be heard, and, we trust, will result in the cessation of all abuses, and of all unnecessary suffering, in scientific researches.

The Birmingham (Eng.) Society have just issued a circular, in which they say:—

"Many distinguished physiologists, including Sir Charles Bell, Elliston and others have declared the practice of vivisection not only to be fallacious, but positively mischievous and misleading."

Prizes for Well-kept Animals.

The Georgia Society recently offered prizes of \$10, \$5, and \$3 for the best-kept dray or wagon horse or mule in Augusta. Agreeable to a public announcement, thirty contestants appeared in front of the city hall, where a committee were in attendance to inspect the animals and award the prizes. The committee considered the present condition of the animal, the length of time he had been in service, and, if known, his condition when the present owner bought him. It was a difficult matter to decide, and after the prizes had been awarded, six other drivers were considered to be entitled to "honorable mention," and to have their names enrolled upon the records of the society. Some addresses were made, and it was announced that these prizes would be annually given, to be increased as the funds of the society should warrant.

The paper in which we find the above-mentioned account, justly says:—

"The Georgia Society has been organized through the energy and indomitable will and devotion of Miss Lou W. King. Her work in this humane behalf was a lofty achievement, and its beneficial effects could but be felt in the homes of the country, and is the morale of general society."

To Stable-Keepers.

Since the organization of our Society, in 1868, we have been striving to prevent the abuse of animals. Much time and labor have been devoted to the protection of the interests of horse-owners and stable-keepers. We think you will admit that we have, directly or indirectly, benefited you pecuniarily, through the wholesome restraint we and our agents have held over those who might otherwise have become violators of the law, and have injured your property by overdriving or other abuse.

In view of this, we hope you will become a member of the Society, or a subscriber to our paper, and thus help us to continue and increase our work.

Forty-eight different persons were prosecuted during the past year for overdriving animals under their charge, and were punished by fine of \$5 to \$75, or by imprisonment from thirty days to six months.

We hope to add the name of every stable-keeper in Massachusetts to our list.

Rates of Membership.—Active Life, \$100; Associate Life, \$50; Active Annual, \$10; Associate Annual, \$5. Subscription to our paper, \$1.

All members receive "Our Dumb Animals" free, and all publications of the Society.

CASES INVESTIGATED

BY OFFICE AGENTS IN JUNE.

Whole number of complaints, 103; viz., Overworking, 4; overdriving, 1; overloading, 2; beating, 5; driving when lame and galled, 23; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 6; driving when diseased, 5; abandoning, 2; torturing, 11; cruelty in transportation, 4; general cruelty, 39.

Remedied without prosecution, 23; letters of warning issued, 23; not substantiated, 45; not found, 2; under investigation, 7; prosecuted, 10; convicted, 8; pending, 1.

Animals killed, 17; temporarily taken from work, 20.

FINES.

Justices' Courts.—Falmouth, \$5; Newton (2 cases), \$25. District Court.—East Norfolk, \$5. Municipal Courts.—Boston (3 cases), \$30; Highland District, \$5; West Roxbury District (2 cases), \$10; Brighton District (paid at House of Correction), \$25; So. Boston District, 1c. Police Court.—Cambridge, \$5. Witness Fees.—\$1.60.

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Jacob A. Dresser, \$5; Wm. H. Wood, \$5; Zalmon Bonnet, \$5; Patrick Collins, \$5; John P. Rice, \$1; Mrs. Wm. Brigham, \$10; Mrs. Sibly M. Hunt, \$5; Mrs. Jacob Fother, \$100; Miss A. Wigglesworth, \$100; A. H. Bullock, \$5; Miss Jane R. Sever, \$10.

SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Miss Susan L. Sawyer, Holmes, Bates & Nichols, Estes Hawes, H. A. Fletcher, Mrs. John I. Pickering, Angus C. Hooper, Mrs. E. R. Cogswell, Bousfield & Poole, Wm. D. Peck, Reuben Howland, Mrs. James Parker, Mrs. W. W. Palmer, H. P. Webster, W. H. Wheeler, Henry Frobasco, S. G. Sterling, Geo. K. Schoenberger, William Prescott, Annie McCall, Mary W. W. Brown, H. L. H. Hoffendahl, Mrs. Dr. W. W. Dawson, E. R. Brower, F. M. Robinson, E. W. Hudson, B. Vaughn, Mrs. Geo. Edson, M. A. Molineux, Hobart Allan, Lycurgus Sayles, J. B. S. Jackson, A. M. Amory, Freeman Hinckley, Mrs. T. Kingsbury, L. Fairbanks, Jr., Mrs. Chas. Minnie Noyes, Irving T. Guild, Chas. W. Paul, Annie F. Richards, F. H. Bryan, George L. Fitch, S. Whaley, Mrs. C. C. Hussey, Thos. J. Griffiths, Robt. Hamilton, T. P. Branch, M. B. Perrin, C. L. Head, T. W. Lawford, Z. Parmenter, S. W. Coggeshall, Geo. L. Gill, A. C. Flint, W. H. Burleigh, A. Williams & Co., Mrs. Geo. Pratt, Mrs. Wm. Christie, Fred Wm. Connor, Susan E. Giles, L. I. Harwood, H. E. Cobb, C. A. Gilmore, T. Walton, Sanitarium, Miss Masters, W. P. Butler, Wm. S. Hillis, M. H. Hillis, Elizabeth B. Hillis, Edward Betts, Hannah Shipley, Edward Bringham, Mary Betts, Wilmington Institute, Mary W. Bringham, J. T. Gause, Z. James Bell, Mrs. Geo. Stevens, Anna L. Coburn, Annie M. Carter, John Townsend, H. D. Bacon, John F. Corder, T. Hart, S. H. Smith, M. C. Pike, J. N. Farrar, Isaac C. Holmes, H. H. Merriam, Rositta Rhodes, Helen M. Stark, Mrs. J. L. Stanton, Mrs. E. P. Carpenter, W. L. O'Brien, Jr., Geo. S. Winslow, Mrs. S. P. Dexter, E. N. Love, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. W. S. Rand, Benj. F. Dyer, J. H. Joseph, A. D. Weld, Jane R. Sever, A. F. Cheney, Henry Anthony, Edgar H. Reed, Zalmon Bonnet, \$5; H. D. Fowle, \$2; Chas. R. Brainard, 50 cts.; Buffalo, Woman's Branch, \$25; Jos. L. Brigham, \$2; Harry Clough, 25 cts.; W. & H. Butler, 50 cts.; Mrs. W. A. Robinson, \$2.

Hydrophobia.

Every summer many dogs are killed while in a fit occasioned by overeating or being overheated. The fit is mistaken for hydrophobia, when a little observation will show that it does not resemble it at all.

A dog with hydrophobia does not run round in a circle, nor froth at the mouth, but avoids people and runs straight forward.

A pail of water thrown upon a dog in a fit will frequently restore him.

Hydrophobia is a very rare disease, and is more likely to occur in cold weather than in summer.

A THOUGHTFUL applewoman, seeing a horse fall in Milk Street by treading on a banana skin on the pavement, during the passage of the procession on the 17th of June, rushed out into the middle of the street, and gathered all the banana skins and orange peel she could find, lest some other animal should meet with a similar misfortune. She received the cheers of the bystanders, showing their appreciation of a thoughtful and kind act by one from whom, judged by the world's standard, less would have been expected.

Children's Department.

Maggie and her Mother.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming into the kitchen with a pout on her lips. Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and said: "Then this is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake nearly all night with the baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her. Thinking of her aunt's words, she said to herself: "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Now's the time for me to try and be useful. I remember when I was sick last year, I was so nervous, that if any one spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross; but mother never got angry or out of patience. She was as gentle as could be with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

She sprang from the grass, where she had thrown herself down, and went into the house. Her mother was minding the baby, who was teething, and very fretful. Maggie brought the pretty ivory bells, and began to jingle them for the little one. He stopped fretting and began to smile.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It is such a nice morning?" she asked.

"I should be very glad if you would," said her mother.

The little hat and sack were brought, and baby was soon ready for the ride.

"I will keep him out as long as I can," said Maggie, "and you please lie down on the sofa, mother dear, and take a nap while I am gone. You look very tired."

These kind, thoughtful words of Maggie, and the kiss that went with them, were almost too much for her mother. Tears filled her eyes and her voice trembled, as she said:

"Thank you, my darling. It will do me a world of good if you will keep him out an hour; for my head aches badly this morning, and the air will do him good, too."

How happy Maggie felt as she was trundling the little carriage up and down the walk. She was denying herself, and it always makes us happy to do this. And then she made the baby happy, and made her mother happy. And this is the way to bless people. Suppose we were all trying to deny ourselves and do good, as little Maggie was, what blessings we should be wherever we went, and how happy our lives would be!

Henry Clay and the Billy-Goat.

Formerly a very large, well known and somewhat noted billy-goat, roamed at large in the streets of Washington, and the newspaper boys, bootblacks, and street imps generally made common cause against him. Henry Clay never liked to see dumb animals abused or worried, and on one occasion while passing down the avenue, a large crowd of these mischievous urchins were at their usual sport. Mr. Clay, with his walking-stick, drove them away, giving them a sound lecture in the meanwhile. As they scampered and scattered in every direction, Billy, seeing no one but Mr. C. within reach, made a charge on him. Clay dropped his cane and caught his goatship by the horns. The goat would rear up, being nearly as tall as the Kentuckian himself, and the latter would pull him down again. This sport became tiresome, and he could conceive of no way by which he could free himself from the two-horned dilemma, so in his desperation he sang out to the boys to know what to do. One of the smallest in the crowd shouted back: "Let go and run, you fool!" Clay always maintained that though he signed the treaty of Ghent, yet that ragged boy knew more than he did.

The Bird's Petition.

*The Bird's Petition.*

It is a pity that we cannot understand the language of birds, while we are delighted with the music of their songs. They evidently understand each other, and therefore they have a language. How do we know, then, but the birds, while singing songs of praise for what they enjoy, are also pleading with us to leave them unmolested? There is often sadness in their tones, which, if uttered by a child, would indicate sorrow, or fear, or a plea for mercy.

If a foreigner should sing sweet songs to us, if we could not understand a word of his language, we should gather his meaning from his tones, or, at any rate, be grateful to him for his harmonious notes. Do the birds do less for us? Do they not wake us early by their cheerful songs, and, at sunset, chant their evening melody? If, now and then, there is a sad refrain, may we not reasonably suppose that they are mourning the loss of some child or companion of theirs, or that they are doing what they can to excite our sympathy, or secure our protection? Let every friend of ours listen to the morning and evening bird-songs, and we think they will inspire only feelings of love, gratitude, kindness and mercy.

Butterflies.

The principal use of butterflies, according to the opinion of some boys, appears to be the sport they give when chased over field and hedge. Who has not seen two or three boys running as if their lives were in danger, cap in hand ready to be thrown at a poor feeble butterfly, flapping its lovely wings as it tries to escape from its enemies? How glad one feels when the poor thing gets safely away; how sorry, when the lad's cap comes down on it with a heavy blow, and crushes the little spark of life out of its frail body. Perhaps our young friends would be less willing to kill these beautiful insects if they could examine one carefully through a microscope.

That beautiful powder, as it seems, on their wings, which the finger and thumb remove on the slightest touch, really consists of an immense number of little plumes, or scales, arranged in the most beautiful order, and so small that, unless seen through a powerful glass, they look like fine dust.—*Young Folks' News.*

Nell's Chickens.

BY L. G. WARNER.

A tall little maid, with a thoughtful face,
With woodland secrets wise,
A springing step of untaught grace,
And the happiest, clear blue eyes.

In she comes, like a fresh May breeze;
"Would you like to come out and see
My chickens at supper? Make haste, please,
For they are expecting me."

Then out through the stoop, past the woodshed door,
Tapping her pan like a drum,
While hens and chickens, a dozen, a score,
To meet her, hurrying come.

"Ah Beauty, ah Pet, don't be greedy, I beg!
Here's Bertha,—my birthday she came,
This morning she gave me her very first egg,—
Come, Bertha! see, isn't she tame?"

"This is the Duchess, you see, with a ruff
Round her neck, and this little Cream,
Such a queer little mother, with chickens enough
To drive her distracted, 'twould seem.

"Peter, stop crowding poor dear little Star;
Old fellow, he's handsome but vain,—
That's Buffy, and Daffy's as yellow, but far
Better natured, and rather more plain.

"Marooney, Rooney, here's plenty for you,—
She's always behind the rest,—
That's Velvet; you wouldn't believe it true
If I told where I found her nest.

"In Betty's manger—that's father's best cow—
Right under her kind old eyes;
There's Beauty's, just up in that big hay-mow,
Every egg of hers is a prize.

"Now, Goldy and Topknot, just show us your brood,
The dear little soft, downy things!
Do you like corn-porridge, little dears? Is it good?
Such funny beginnings of wings!

"This is all; so good-night! now hurry to bed,
I must hunt for your eggs right away."
And over the barn ran the spry little maid,
With a tumble or two in the hay.

—*Christian Union.**The Squirrel.*

BY REV. C. H. GATES.

"What a beautiful squirrel!" we all exclaimed, as a little boy gave us a peep into his box-trap. The little timid, bright-eyed creature was looking right at me, as if to say, "Shame for entrapping so innocent a thing." I did almost feel that it was a shame, at least I pitied the lone red squirrel, robbed of its dear old nest in the tree, and its forest home. The boy who captured it loves squirrels, and he will take good care of it, and give it enough to eat, but then to put it in a cage will be slavery enough, for but yesterday the roads and fields were all his home. How lonesome and sad he must be. He will never see his parents and his pretty mates again. He will never enjoy the pleasant spring, jumping from tree to tree, and chattering or eating nuts or try to outrun some little boy who tries the road while he tries the fence.

What would spring be without the squirrels, birds and flowers for children.

Hunting and sporting for mere pleasure is wrong. It tends to destroy the finer feelings of pity and sympathy and harden the heart.

The blue-bird, the swallow and the robin are here. Give them all a glad welcome, boys, and let them build their nests any where, by the door or on the apple-tree. They'll sing for you and make you happy. Tell the squirrels to come too, and frisk and chatter on the barn and race on the nearest fence to their heart's content. You may make yourself more happy by making the birds and squirrels happy.

School-Boys Pelted Frogs.

Some of the poor little creatures lay panting and dying on the surface of the water, and one, with its legs broken and the red blood flowing from the shattered limb, was vainly trying to crawl up the bank and escape from its tormentors. Mr. White ordered the boys away from the pool. "Is this the way," said he, "that you boys amuse yourselves?—coming here where harmless creatures are enjoying themselves, and bruising and killing them that you may have the pleasure of seeing them suffer and die! Suppose I and other men as big and as strong as myself were to get you into one of these pits, and were to pelt you with brickbats till your limbs were broken and half of you were dead. Would you think that a nice amusement for us? Matthew Green, come here to me; and Paul, do you go and pick up gently that wounded frog and bring it here." Mr. White then sat down on the grass, and Green came sulkily and stood beside him, as Paul brought the poor frog and laid it softly on the master's handkerchief, which he had put over his knee. "Look closely at it, Matthew," said Mr. White. "Do you see how it suffers? It pants for breath; its poor broken limb quivers with pain; a film is coming over its bright eyes, which shows that it is dying. A minute ago it was a happy, living creature, playing merrily about with its companions, and doing harm to nobody. Now see it." Matthew sobbed, and rubbed his eyes with his sleeve. It was one thing to pelt the frogs from the bank, and quite another thing to look close and see the cruel injury that each sharp stone had inflicted on their soft and sensitive bodies.—*Animal World.*

Cruel Business—Shooting Matches.

Saturday of this week will take place in this city a match game between E. Soper and Taylor, the object to be shot at being live pigeons. There is hot indignation in the town, both among the sporting fraternity and citizens generally, that this match is to be allowed to take place. Exception is taken to it by members of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals on the score that the innocent, harmless birds are maimed, or ruthlessly and needlessly slaughtered. But there is yet a stronger and perhaps more cogent reason for the prevention of such matches, at this time of year especially. It is now breeding season of the wild pigeons. The female has hatched her young, to the number of two, four and six. She will fly miles and miles in pursuit of food and nourishment for her offspring, and while absent on her journey, leaving them unprotected, she is snared by coarse, brutal men to furnish bait for these ill-advised sporting matches, as a general thing 100 or 150 being slaughtered at a shoot. Thereby the young in their nests are left to die, as they certainly will without the protection of the female. Those who have given proper attention to the subject, believe the brute creation have their affection, their language (silent, perhaps), and it is a question of refinement, of an advanced civilization, whether the birds should not be protected by man, rather than their little households broken up and scattered to the winds. Sporting is a good thing, and a healthy exercise; and one finds no fault or raises no objection to the hunter going out at the proper season of the year for a parcel of pigeons or quails, if they be needed for the sustenance of the body; but the indiscriminate snaring of birds, whereby to subject them to a yet more ruthless and cruel fate, is strongly deprecated and frowned upon by well-minded, civilized people. It is high time for the cause of humanity, that there was altogether a better state of things.—*Meriden (Conn.) Recorder.*

ALWAYS say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful fire-fly, whose happy circumvolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.—*Helps.*

My Broken-Winged Bird.

BY H. H.

For days I have been cherishing
A little bird with broken wing.
I love it in my heart of hearts;
To win its love I try all arts;
I call it by each sweet pet name
That I can think, its fear to tame.
My room is still and bright and warm;
The little thing is safe from harm.
If I had left it where it lay
Fluttering in the wintry day,
No mate remaining by its side,
Before nightfall it must have died.
It sips the drink, it eats the food;
Plenty of both, all sweet and good.
But all the while my hand it flies,
Looks up at me with piteous eyes;
From morn till night, restless and swift,
Runs to and fro, and tries to lift
Itself upon its broken wing,
And through the window-pane to spring.

Poor little bird! Myself I see
From morn till night in watching thee.
A Power I cannot understand
Is sheltering me with loving hand;
It calls me by the dearest name,
My love to win, my fear to tame;
Each day my daily food provides,
And night and day from danger hides
Me safe: the food, the warmth, I take,
Yet all the while ungrateful make
Restless and piteous complaints,
And strive to break the kind restraints.

Dear little bird, 'twill not be long;
Each day thy wing is growing strong;
When it is healed, and thou canst fly,
My windows will be opened high;
And I shall watch with loving eyes
To see thee soar in sunny skies.
I, too, some day, on healed wing,
Set free, shall soar aloft and sing,
And in my joy no memory find
Of prison walls I left behind.

—*Christian Union.**To Make Old Horses Appear Well.*

The horse is often prevented from throwing his weight into the collar, by a *tight check-rein*—a useless and painful incumbrance introduced by vanity, and retained by thoughtlessness amounting to cruelty. Ask horse-keepers why they use it, and hardly any one will give the same answer, though it is supposed by them to be a great safeguard in case of stumbling. The real object with which it was introduced was, to make every horse to which it was applied, however weak, or old, or poor, assume the lofty carriage of the thoroughbred horse; and the tossing of the head, the foam at the mouth, and the restless agitation of the body (mute, but expressive signs of pain and suffering) came, in a little while, not only to be disregarded, but even looked at with approbation. Fortunately, this vitiated taste is rapidly going out of fashion as better information is diffused. *Few of the London cab-drivers use check-reins*, knowing them to be inconsistent with proper work: and when one is observed, it will invariably be found to be on some poor animal, whose wearied and haggard appearance is attempted to be disguised by this implement of torture.—*American Stock Journal.*

THERE may be seen almost daily upon the Common a lame young lady who has earned for herself the pretty title of "The Birds' Friend" by the earnest assiduity with which she feeds the sparrows. Every afternoon she may be seen, limping slowly along, scattering bread crumbs from her muff to the flocks of twittering sparrows, who recognize and flock about her the moment she approaches.

*Stable and Farm.**Hints on Draught—No Check-Rein on a Draught-Horse.*

IF A HORSE CANNOT LAY TO HIS WORK, AND BEND HIS HEAD DOWN WHEN HE DESIRES TO DO SO, BE SURE THAT HE IS NOT PROPERLY HARNESSSED.

Whenever a horse is employed for the purpose of drawing any vehicle, it is of the utmost importance that he should be able to employ all his strength to advantage. Every one who considers at all, must acknowledge that if a horse has to do his work in a cramped and confined condition, or when he is inconveniently placed as regards the load, he cannot exert his full power, which is so much loss to his master; or, if forced to perform a certain amount, then he is obliged to waste a great deal more of his strength (or muscular power) than is required, to his own great pain and injury.

The question how to properly attach the horse to the vehicle, is, therefore, one of the greatest importance to every master who wishes to get a proper degree of work in a fair and rational manner. Yet, from being unacquainted with the principles, few examine closely into the practice; an immense deal of horse strength is wasted every day on loads which, if properly attached, might have been comfortably moved with far less trouble, exertion, and pain.

The act of pulling is performed by leaning forward, with the weight of the body against the resistance of the opposing force, and then, by strong movements of the limbs, keeping up and increasing the pressure; the weight of the body being of the utmost importance, as any one may try by pulling at a rope passing over one shoulder, and standing upright all the time. It will be found that what was before pulled with ease cannot now be moved at all, or, at any rate, only by the most severe and continued efforts of the limbs. These muscular movements, exhausting the strength, try the system violently, whereas the body-weight is easily employed without consuming the vital energies.

From the upright position of a man's body, he is not fitted to draw loads. If, therefore, this great difference is perceptible with his light frame, how great must be the waste of strength when the horse is prevented from throwing his whole weight fairly into the collar! Yet this is constantly the case.—*American Stock Journal.*

A MAN of kindly nature is apt to provide for the comfortable old age of a horse that has long carried him, and would be grieved to sell such an animal to a poor master for mean work and miserable treatment. Poverty may force consent; but a certain gratitude is felt for old and faithful service; still more where there is personal affection, as in a dog. But where there is no personal relation it would seem that our rights over animal life are increased by a certain domesticity. If by defending sheep we cause their numbers to increase, our right to take the lives which would not have existed without our care appears greater than in the case of wild animals wholly independent of us.

TAKING good care of stock, means in a general way, making the animals comfortable. That is about all there is of it. To be successful in feeding stock a man must become interested; the work must be a pleasure, not a task; the person must be quick to apprehend the wants of the animals, and prompt in supplying them. A blundering, heedless man has no business among stock.

THERE can be no true friendship where there is no freedom. Friendship loves a free air, and will not be penned in strait and narrow enclosures. It will speak freely, and act so too, and take no ill where no ill is meant; nay, where it is, it will easily forgive, and forget, too, on small acknowledgments.

English Sparrows Defended.

Thomas M. Brewer, of Boston, who knows all about birds, has recently written for the "Rod and Gun" an article in defence of sparrows, and claims that a better acquaintance with their true character will remove the prejudice now existing against them.

In regard to their combative qualities, and the charge that they drive away robins, bluebirds and chipping-sparrows, he says:—

"I live on the edge of the Public Garden. My business calls me to cross the Garden and the Common from end to end four times every day; I have for five years thus enjoyed the opportunity of seeing a good deal of the intercourse between the sparrows and other birds. I have never witnessed, in all my experience, any molestation by a house-sparrow, if any other species! The intercourse between the chipping-sparrow and the house-sparrow has always seemed to be especially friendly. They feed together in the same flock, the company of the latter is sought by the former, and I have repeatedly seen, when I have been feeding the sparrows, a little chippy run up to its bigger associate and deliberately pick up the same piece of bread, and I have also often seen the big house-sparrow surrender it and go to another piece.

"Now as to the bluebirds, they certainly are the aggressors here in Boston, and also in the neighborhood."

He names some instances where sparrows had been driven away from their occupied nests by bluebirds and swallows. He concludes thus:—

"The sparrows have been introduced into Boston; they did not introduce themselves. They have been cosseted and petted, and to a great extent injured, for beneficial purposes, by being thus overfed, for they do not do us half the good they would if they were not so stuffed with crumbs; but molest our native birds, as a general rule, they do not. We have more chipping-sparrows in Boston, five to one, than we had five years ago. We have more robins, more bluebirds, more swallows, more birds generally.

"Will some of the anti-sparrow gentry, who are so swift in rushing to sweeping conclusions on isolated facts, tell me if the sparrows are so tyrannous and oppressive to other species, why is it that all European writers—English, Swedish, French, German and Italian—have never found it out, and are silent, in their several histories of the house-sparrow, in regard to this peculiarity, which it has been left to a few American observers to find out?"

Those Sparrows.

The other day there were perched about in the centre of our cherry-tree a pair of beautiful and well-behaved orioles, evidently seeking an eligible location on which to hang their nest. These black and white and scarlet necklaced orioles were welcomed by the owner of the tree, and the entire crop of cherries—not a very great promise judging from the scant blossoming—was promised for their daily dessert. Soon such a twittering came from that tree as only sparrows could produce, and there were at least a score of sparrows hopping from twig to twig, with constant accessions, every sparrow cocking its eye at these orioles. The sparrows offered no violence, but, like the Oberlin people, gave these orioles to understand they were not welcome and that they must leave that tree. The orioles paid little attention for a while, going on in their preparations for house-building, but public opinion was too strong; they had too much company of a kind not agreeable, and after an hour or two our beautiful orioles succumbed and left, to return no more.—*Cleveland Herald.*

WHEN our work becomes a pleasure, it is we that make it so; we are a sunshine upon it, receiving the reflection in return.

*[For Our Dumb Animals.]**From Chaucer's "Assembly of Fowls."*

In the following stanzas, Chaucer mentions thirty-six birds, and of these he accurately and characteristically describes thirty-four, all within the compass of as many lines. In this poem he also displays the same discriminating knowledge of trees.

The poet, gifted with what Charles Tennyson Turner calls "an observant eye," is ever a true naturalist, and looks into the very life of things. There is a spirit of fact as well as a matter of fact, and the poet gives us both. A. J. S.

"There might men the royall Egles find,
That with his sharpe looke perseth the sun,
And other Egles of a lower kind,
Of which that clerkes well devisen con.
There was the tyrant with his fethers don,
And grene, I mean the Goshawke, that doth pine
To birdes for his outrageous ravine;

"The Gentle-Faucon, that with his fete destreinet
The King's hand; the hardy Sperhauke eke
The quailles foe; the Merlion that peimeth
Himself full oft the Larke for to seke;
There was the Dove, with her eyen meke;
The jelous Swan, ayenst his deth that singeth;
The Oul eke, that of deth the bode bringeth;

"The Crane, the geaunt, with his trompes soun:
The thief the Chough; and the chattering Pie;
The scorning Jaye; the eles foe, the Heronne;
The false Lapwing, full of treacherie;
The Stare, that the counsaile can bewray;
The tame Ruddocke; and the coward Kite;
The Cocke, that horloge is of thorpes lite;

"The Sparowe, Venus' son; and the Nightingale,
That clepeth forth the fresh leaves new;
The Swalowe, murderer of the bees smale,
That maken house of floures fresh of hue;
The wedded Turtle, with his herte true;
The Pecoche, with his angel-feathers bright;
The Fesaunt, scorne of the Cocke by night;

"The waken Gose; the Cuckowe ever unkind;
The Poppingay, full of delicacy;
The Drake, stroier of his owne kind;

• • • • •
The hote Cormorant, full of gluttony;
The Ravin; and the Crowe, with her voice of care;
The Throstell olde; and the frostie Feldefare."

An Easy Way to Banish Crows.

J. W. Bliss, of Bradford, Vt., adopted a novel way to keep the crows from his corn. A few days ago he found quite a flock busily engaged in a twelve-acre lot belonging to him. He procured a couple of small spring-traps, such as are used in catching muskrats, and set them some distance apart between the rows, scattering along a few kernels of corn. Not long after he heard a hub-bub and cawing in the field loud enough to waken the mythical seven sleepers, while the fence and trees near by were nearly black with crows. He didn't trouble them for a couple of hours, though they did him by their continual noise, after which he released the two caught in the traps. Since that time the crows have given that field a wide berth, not having been seen in the immediate vicinity. This way of getting rid of crows seems much preferable to shooting, as no northern bird does so much scavenger work as the crow.

CATS AND SQUIRRELS.—A short time ago, men at work for Sherman Butler, in Clarksville, Huron County, Ohio, caught four squirrels, which they brought to the house for the little girl. They were quite young, and she fed them with a quill. It was suggested to put them in the cat's nest, where there were four young kittens, and await the result when the cat made the discovery. She took them all into her care, and raised them—four cats and four squirrels. Hundreds of persons have been to see them.

*[For Our Dumb Animals.]**A Tame Woodchuck.*

At the house of a friend, in St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., we lately saw a curious household pet,—a tame woodchuck, named Charley. He was found alone, in the highway, in the summer of 1873, and was then scarcely larger than an ordinary mouse.

He soon became quite accustomed to his new home, and allowed the members of the family to handle and caress him, and was quite playful and domesticated. For a time he took up lodgings in the barn, but subsequently made himself a house in the woodshed, which he furnished with bits of paper, straw, and other light material. Being domesticated so young, he never learned to obtain his own food, or seemed to realize that it could be obtained in the garden or the fields, but depended entirely upon what was provided for him at the house, which he visited many times a day.

He is very fond of milk, sugar, cake, or pie, but his favorite dish is boiled potatoes, or green cucumbers, and he does not care to eat bread.

Whenever he is hungry he runs to the house, chattering as he goes, and if he fails to find his food in its accustomed place, he "begs" of the lady of the house, by sitting up on his hind legs, like a squirrel, and making a peculiar chattering noise. If not attended to at once, he takes hold of her dress, and endeavors to pull her towards the larder, where his food is usually kept.

He retires each evening about sunset, always taking care, however, not to go to bed without his supper. In the latter part of September, 1873, Charley was missing, having left the house as usual the previous evening, and was not seen again until the early part of the following April! When he returned, he came directly to the house, chattering as usual, and seemed quite familiar with the household and family, and very soon told the latter, in plain terms, that he wanted his breakfast. He ate very sparingly for several days, although very thin, when he returned from his winter's nap. Previous to leaving in the fall, he became very dull and sleepy, and at last, being entirely overcome by the disposition to sleep, he sought his winter quarters, which were afterwards found under the hay-mow, in the barn. E. M.

JOHNSBURG, N. Y.

*[Communicated.]**Speaking of Cats.*

While almost every one has a wonderful specimen of the cat family, we think at our house that we had one "hard to beat." We do not pretend that he can sing scientifically, or talk the English language fluently, but what he don't understand in the cat category isn't much. When we moved out of town the question arose as to the best way to move that cat (whose name is Nicodemus); whether he should be put in a bag, nailed up in a box or carried with the family in the carriage; but lest he might get up a scratching match with that little ten-pound episode of our family, it was decided to put him in a box. But Nick had decided otherwise. He hunted around until he found an empty basket, into which he crawled and laid down as if to try it. When the carriage came in the afternoon he deliberately packed himself into the basket, pretending to be asleep. The basket was placed on the carriage and he was so carried away, refusing to leave it until they had arrived at their destination. Now who can say that cat was not observant of what was going on around him and had not judgment enough to act accordingly? N. J.

It is one of the grandest mysteries of life that a thinking being can be a cruel thing—that one buoyant with the enjoyment of life can be indifferent to the rights of others to the same enjoyment. It would be just as consistent for one suffering from a severe burn to wish for a chance to burn his neighbor, as to be ready, without provocation, without the claim of hunger, without protection against assault, or destroyed interests, to abuse and make war upon other forms of life exposed to his meanness.—*Animal's Friend.*

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